

IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.

THE CHILD AT HOME

THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH.

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IN MISCHIEF.

A FEW months ago we had a picture of some girls in mischief; now we have a boy who was left alone and got into a place where his mamma did not wish him to be. There is very little difference between boys and girls in this matter. Do you remember, the girls got up to the looking-glass, and were trying on bonnets? This boy, Willie Watkins, is before the mirror also. He does not try on hats, but is combing his hair. I think he is a good-looking boy, and wish he would turn his head around and let us see his face.

What makes boys and girls get into mischief? I think I know. They seldom get into mischief if

they have any work to do. It is only when they are idle. I was once taught a hymn that said, —

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

It was written by Dr. Watts, many years ago, and it is very true. We ought to be busy about some good work, and then we shall not get into mischief. I have heard people say that very little children "do not know any better;" but once a little boy told his older brother he thought it was very "nice" not to know any better. That showed that he *did* know mischief is wrong. Very few of us are too small not to know what is right and what is wrong. There is not one of my readers who does not feel the difference between good and bad.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY KATE CAMERON.

THE Lord hath work for little hands,
For they may do his wise commands;
And He marks out for little feet
A narrow pathway — straight and sweet;
And there are words for little eyes,
To make them earnest, true, and wise.

One little face may fill with light
A heart and home as dark as night;
One little voice may lead above,
By singing songs of Jesus' love;
One little child may be the cord
To bind our spirits to the Lord.

"I WONDER WHAT GOD WOULD LIKE ME TO DO?"

THE boys were going nutting. Of course Harry Gray wanted to go. They were not going to rob anybody's trees; they were going with the leave of the owner of a great grove of walnuts. But Harry hesitated.

"Go," cried the boys; "what's to hinder?"

Harry knew he had a sick mother at home, and he thought he ought to stay at home, and keep the children from troubling her with their noise. The boys said it was girls' work to stay at home, and still cried "Go!"

With a half promise to meet them at the creek bridge, the place of starting, Harry walked home.

"I wonder what God would like me to do?" said Harry to himself, as went slowly along.

Ah, if a boy asks this question, he is not likely to decide selfishly. If he ask it sincerely, conscience, that still small voice which God has put within us, and the teaching of the Spirit, will help him to know God's will.

"I wonder what God would like me to do?" said Harry.

Conscience immediately replied, "Stay at home, and comfort your sick mother. Do what you can, you can never repay her care and love."

There was a struggle in Harry's bosom. Nutting was good fun, and he wanted to go ever so much. As he thought of it, he was almost angry that there was anything in the way of going. To some boys a sick mother might not stand in the way; they would not have thought. But Harry Gray, rough little fellow that he was, thought; his heart was tender. The Holy Spirit had taught him how sorrowful sin is, and had lifted his soul up to God. All the way home the struggle was going on. "Go, or stay?"

When he reached the house, Bobby and Joe met him, shouting, "You going nutting? Bring me home some! bring me home some!"

"I'm not going," said Harry; "not this afternoon, at least."

His mother heard it in her bedroom.

"Why are you not going with the boys, Harry?" she asked.

"Because, dear mother," he said, "I had rather stay at home, and take care of you. I want to keep the children from worrying you. I have to be off a great deal, but nutting is not a *have to*."

"Dear boy," said Mrs. Gray, drawing him to her for a kiss, "my comfort and joy."

Not all the nuts in the world could make him so happy as that kiss did; and happy himself, he did much for his mother, and made the children very happy, too.

What a sweet remembrance when his mother has gone to her home above—"She said I was her comfort and joy!"—*Selected.*

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1873.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

A LETTER FROM SYRIA.

ONE of the readers of THE CHILD AT HOME in Syria has pleased the editor by sending him a letter. Here it is:—

BEIRUT, July 3, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—Though I do not know you, I intended to write you this little note which I think may please you as much as any other could. I am going to tell you about myself. I am a Protestant Syrian lad, fifteen years old. I am learning in the American college the English, the Arabic, and its branches. Also I am a Sabbath-school scholar. As it is the second year for me in the school, I can read the English language tolerably well, and I can translate to Arabic.

I read THE CHILD AT HOME every month, and it is a useful one. First I did not mind the enigmas, but then I thought, it will be very useful for me to solve them. When I had it this month I saw in it one, and I determined to solve it. When I had solved it I resolved to send it to you, with this little note, which I suppose you will excuse me for.

If you find the answer correct, please state it to THE CHILD AT HOME. Yours truly,
SALEEM MOUSSALLY.

The answer is the one published in the paper for June, "There shall be no night there." I remember it very well, for it is the only one of the enigmas I ever solved myself. The writers generally send me the answers, but the answer to this one was lost, which made it necessary for the editor to study it out.

I am very glad to hear from Saleem. I had a good friend who went to that part of the world to preach, some years ago. His name was Jackson G. Coffing, and he was killed there. I wonder if Saleem was old enough to remember Mr. Coffing, if indeed he was ever at Beirut?

I am very glad to know about those who read our paper in far-off parts of the world.

Good-by, Saleem Moussally! Write to us again sometime. We shall not forget you.

OUR PAPERS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE attention of all who are interested in the periodical literature of Sunday-schools is asked to the papers of The American Tract Society. The aim is to make them in every possible way helpers to the teachers, and instructors of an interesting character to the pupils.

There is, first, *The Christian Banner*, a monthly magazine of sixteen pages, that has reading for old and young. We hear from various quarters that it is eagerly looked for, and thoroughly perused, while many conversions are attributed directly to its instrumentality.

Secondly, we offer THE CHILD AT HOME to the intermediate pupils. It has the advantage of the aid of illustrations of the highest style of the engraver's art, adapted to such use, and it has won for itself a wide circulation and many warm friends.

Thirdly, the *Apples of Gold* is issued every Saturday for the youngest readers. This is our latest venture, and has already become very popular where it has been introduced. It always conveys some practical religious lesson, in an agreeable form, and its circulation, that is becoming more extensive every day, proves not only its excellence but also its acceptableness.

We trust our friends will do all they can to extend the circulation of these papers. They are adapted for schools of any and all denominations, being, as their motto indicates, "*National, Christian, Unsectarian.*"

OUR ALMANAC.

BESIDES the publications just mentioned, The American Tract Society publishes "The New Year: The National Family Almanac," full of illustrations, and of reading matter for the family circle. The almanac for 1874 will soon be out. Its health hints will make it very valuable in every household. It is sent by mail for twenty cents.

AFTER A PUSSY.

WE have all heard of Jacob Abbott, who wrote the books about "Rollo," and many others that are very interesting, as well as good. He has written about a boy named William Gay. We can see him in the picture, with two of his cousins, Mary and Louisa. Willie lived in the country, and the girls had come from the city to visit him and have a good time on the farm. There was a very wild black cat there, that caught



FEEDING THE CAT.

mice, and sometimes birds, just as I have seen many a cat do. Mary and Louisa did not like the wild cat, and wished to have a nice puss, so one morning they started off with Willie to find one.

The first one they saw belonged to a little girl who was feeding it at the front door of her home. She was afraid her new visitors intended to carry her puss away against her will, and so she picked it up and ran away with the saucer of milk to a place among the bushes behind the house, and was not seen again very soon. She loved her puss.

Willie drove away, and after a while came to a pond where two boys were about to drown two pussies. He bought them both, and though one had already been thrown into the water they saved it alive, and took them both home. They liked the pussies better because they had saved their lives, and I think Willie felt pleased because he had paid his own money for them. How hard-hearted we can get! The boys who were about to drown these pussies were actually provoked at first, because the girls wished to save them alive! It is better to have soft hearts than hard ones, and we ought to be kind even to the animals about us.

There is a good Society, with a very long name, that does nothing but look out that people are stopped if they are cruel to their animals. The Society does much good.

A MEMORABLE SABBATH.

BY MAUD WILLOUGHBY.

IT was a sweet, peaceful Sabbath in July. The air was cool and fresh and fragrant with the perfume of flowers. The sun looked lovingly down from a clear, cloudless sky, upon the earth, so beautiful in its summer dress. All nature was bright, the very atmosphere seemed laden with joy and thankfulness, that some of God's children were that day to unite themselves to his band of followers. This lovely Sabbath will long be remembered by six young disciples, bound by the closest ties of relationship, as one of the most memorable of their lives, for in different parts of our beautiful republic, they were standing to confess their Saviour before men. Strange that, without agreement between themselves, they all should have chosen this day, to publicly acknowledge their allegiance to Jesus. Three of them were born in Africa's dark land, in the home of a devoted missionary of the cross. Their parents had labored for many years among the heathen, trying to turn some of them from their degradation to the religion of Jesus, and now, after a visit to their native land, are on their way back to their chosen life-work. These children are left to pursue their studies and fit themselves for the duties of life, most probably to take their stand as helpers of their parents in their missionary labors. How glad will the hearts of these faithful ones be, when they hear the good news of the public consecration of their children, and what new strength it will give them to go forward in the path of duty!

Of the other three, two were young girls, daughters of a clergyman in a Southern State, cousins of the missionary children, and the other a son of a minister of Christ among the hills of our own State. All are grandchildren of one of New England's eminent divines, known and loved for his intrinsic worth as pastor, preacher, college president, and theological teacher. The last-mentioned bears his grandfather's name, and was the last one baptized by the hand of that sainted man of God, before he was called up higher.

Each one of these young Christians is the child of a clergyman, brought up under the direct influences of the gospel, and in an atmosphere of prayer. Does not God hear and answer prayer, and does He not keep the covenant into which godly parents enter when they dedicate their children to Him?

What more beautiful sight than young people consecrating their lives to the service of Christ, when, as the Preacher saith, "the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when they shall say, 'I have no pleasure in them.'"

Jesus says, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Dear young friends, do not loiter elsewhere, before making the straight paths of this narrow way familiar to your feet. Do not spend your labor in learning other truths infinitely beneath this great and precious one. Do not wait till you are older before you choose this blessed life for your own. Remember the words of our Saviour: "He that findeth his life shall lose it. He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Let us give up our life, our own selfish aims and desires, and receive in exchange of the fullness of Him whose "life was the light of men."

"KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU."

FANNY had just lifted the heavy iron knocker on the door of a house where she had been sent on an errand, when like a flash of light these words entered her mind: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

This precious verse had been in her lesson the Sunday before, and her good teacher had tried to impress it upon her heart, but she did not fully realize its meaning until this moment.

Now she thought to herself, "Just as surely as I believe that this door will be opened because I raise this knocker, just so truly do I feel that if I knock at the gate of eternal life, it will be opened unto me! I do believe! Dear Saviour! make me thine own child." And Fanny's prayer was heard and answered.

K. C.

SAVED FROM A VOLCANO.

ARL STEINMAN, who visited Mount Hecla, Iceland, just before the last great eruption, which occurred in 1845, after the volcano had lain in a state of repose for eighty years, narrowly escaped death by venturing into the smoking crater against the earnest entreaty of his guide. On the brink of the yawning gulf he was prostrated by a convulsion of the summit, and held there by blocks of lava upon his feet. He graphically writes:—

"Oh, the horrors of that awful realization! There, over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, I was held suspended, a helpless and conscious prisoner, to be hurled downward by the next great throes of trembling Nature! 'Help, help, help!—for the love of God, help!' I shrieked, in the very agony of my despair. I had nothing to rely upon but the mercy of Heaven; and I prayed to God as I had never prayed before for forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgment.

"All at once I heard a shout; and, looking round, I beheld, with feelings that cannot be described, my faithful guide hastening down the side of the crater to my relief.

"'I warned you!' said he.

"'You did!' cried I, 'but forgive me and save me; for I am perishing!'

"'I will save you or perish with you!'

"The earth trembled, and the rocks parted, one of them rolling down the chasm with a dull, booming sound. I sprang forward; I seized a hand of the guide; and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit."

Something like this is the transition of the soul from impenitence and guilt, to pardon and salvation. The incautious sinner ventures among the flames of Sinai, over the crumbling verge of eternal death. And when awakened to see his guilt and peril, how consciously helpless, and how hopeless his condition, so far as self-reliance is concerned!

But when the cry of distress goes up, lo! Jesus, the sinner's neglected guide, hastens through the gloom to the very brink of the flaming pit, to his relief. Soon in rapturous embrace, the rescued soul looks back to see the danger, and hears the thunder of its unmeasured horrors, with thanksgiving which shall find expression forever upon the golden harp, and in the melody of the new song. — *Selected.*

NO SUNLIGHT.

BY MARY P. HALE.

HERE was once a little girl, who had lived all her eight years of life in a coal mine. She had never seen a green field or tree or mountain or river.

What a strange life, you would say, for a child; gloomy, too. Yes; but she was of a cheerful disposition, and would make the most of the few pleasant things which she had—some toys, brought from that strange world above, which she had never seen: a few ferns and sprigs of evergreen gave her some idea of what a tree might be; then there were mosses and shells, which some strangers once gave her, when on a visit to the mine. With these she would play, and talk about gardens and fields and flowers.

As for sunlight, she knew nothing about it. "What! never saw sunlight!" No, and how do you think *you* would like a life underground, with no light except that of lamps or fires? Instead of walking in green fields or pleasant roads bordered by grassy banks, and looking up to the blue sky, you would grope along through a dark, cellar-like abode, meeting no gayly dressed people, but grim, coal-darkened miners and little children, in the plainest kind of dress.

What does this relation remind you of? I will tell you what it seems like to me. The life which we live upon the surface of the earth, although so beautiful compared with life in a mine, is dark and gloomy compared with heaven. Aye, heaven is ever so much more beautiful and glorious than the

most lovely place on earth. You cannot possibly conceive of its beauty.

A girl from a mine once made a visit to the world above-ground, and was so overjoyed as to be quite unwilling to return to her dark abode; but the poor child had no home in the upper region. On her return, she mourned and pined for a life there, and determined to go and live on the earth above, if it were a possible thing.

I know not whether she succeeded; but this I do know, dear children, that if for one moment you could enter heaven, having a heart to love its employments and its joys, you would not be content to return and live on earth. You would want a higher, better life than this, and you would not rest till you obtained it. Now let me ask, Have you a home above? If not, you may obtain one, if you will but seek it, through Christ, who died that you might obtain a mansion in heaven.

A CHINESE PRINTER.

WONDER how many who read *THE CHILD AT HOME* ever saw a Chinese book. The paper upon which the Chinese print is very thin and not very white. Did you ever see what is called "India paper"? In some books the finest pictures are printed on India paper,



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which is then pasted on the proper page, and you may notice that the paper on which the cut is printed is darker than the rest. Fine steel portraits are thus printed sometimes. The reason for using India paper is that it is of so fine a texture that it takes a very clear impression of the engraving.

The Chinese print from blocks of wood, and not from type as we do, and they do it by hand, and not by means of steam presses. The picture shows us some of the blocks under the table on which the printer is at work. I suppose he is engaged putting ink upon one. He appears very different from our American printers, and cannot do as much in a day, as one of our men can do in an hour, but his work is pretty well done.

Chinese books are not read as ours are, that is, the lines run from the top to the bottom of the page, and not from side to side.

It is said that they knew how to print before we did, and I suppose it is because they have so little communication with other nations, that they have made so little change in their mode of printing.

awakens my deepest sympathies to see a *sad* child. I asked him tenderly if he was well, where he was going, etc. He was neatly dressed, and had an open, intelligent face. He said that he had been visiting in Maine, and started to return home to Dover, N. H. Friends went with him to the depot, and saw him on board the train. But I saw at once the mistake. They did not on starting see that he was in the right car. If they had done that he would have reached his home in a short time without any change of cars. But he went into the wrong car in starting, and so when the train came to the junction where it divided, the car he was in switched off on the Eastern Railroad, and was carrying him farther and farther from his home. It was there that I found him when I went on board the train. The conductor seeing him with his ticket after passing the junction, told him that he was on the wrong route, and he would have him get off at the most favorable station, and would do what he could to help him towards his home. It was a sad case, for it was Saturday afternoon. Night was hastening on.

BESSIE.

BESSIE is a very industrious little girl, and she has taken her knitting-work out of doors, and is sitting on a bench under a spreading tree.

She can look for a long distance over the hills and valleys, and often wonders what lies beyond the highest mountain which she can see.

She knows but little of the busy, bustling world; but she will learn more by and by, and perhaps wish then that she could be again a little girl, contented with her quiet lot. We hope Bessie has some time for play, and does not have to knit all the while. It is well for children to form habits of industry and neatness while they are young, for it will be a great help to them as they grow older, to know how to work, and how to do all things well.

K. C.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY REV. W. W. DOW.

ONCE met a sad child in the cars. Although the cars were full he was alone. No relative nor friend was with him. He was only ten years old, and had never been in the cars alone before. But his sadness was not owing chiefly to his being alone. It always

